AT THE THEATRES

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE.—Monday night, "A Trip to Chinatown"; Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, Andrew Robson in "Richard Carvel."

GRAND.—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, Rose Melville in "Sis Hopkins"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Micky Finn," musical comedy.

EVERYTHING considered, the business done by J. H. Stoddart and "The Bonnie Brier Bush" company at the Salt Lake theatre last week was little short of phenomenal. The opening night of the engagement, Monday night, drew the poorest of all the houses. This was astonishing to many of Mr. Stoddart's admirers, for they knew he didn't need any advertising in Salt Lake. As the engagement progressed, though, the houses grew larger and it is said that the receipts for the six performances were better than $5,000. This doesn't seem very big in comparison with the money other far less meritorious attractions have taken out of Salt Lake, but it was a splendid business under the circumstances.

We are now in the season when people do not feel much like spending money for theatre tickets. Money isn't so plentiful anyway, and with Christmas at hand with all of its manifold drains on every one's purse, the theatres must suffer to a considerable extent. It speaks well for the judgment and discrimination of Salt Lake's playgoers that Mr. Stoddart was patronized so liberally.

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No attraction that has been seen at the Salt Lake theatre this season or that will be seen there was more thoroughly worthy. "The Bonnie Brier Bush" is a beautiful play, beautifully acted. In the lobby of the Theatre the other night there was an argument as to whether "The Bonnie Brier Bush" will long survive the demise of Mr. Stoddart, which all of us hope will not occur for many years. Mr. Stoddart has practically made the play, it was argued. Posty (Reuben Fax) is the life of it, but Mr. Stoddart is its soul. He is the ideal Lachlan Campbell.

The conclusion reached, if a conclusion may be said to have been reached when no vote has been taken, was that "The Bonnie Brier Bush" will live a long, long time. For our part we hope it will but we "hae oor doots," pretty as the play is.

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"Uncle Jimmie" Gibson, ticket taker at the Theatre for a generation, was missed by all comers last week and many inquiries were made regarding him. Great regret was generally expressed when it was learned that Mr. Gibson was seriously ill with an attack of erysipelas. It is pleasant to be able to say that he is well along the road to recovery now and that he will be back at the old stand within the next few days. It hardly seems like the Theatre without "Uncle Jimmie" on the door.

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Acton Davies, the well-known dramatic critic, writing in the current number of Ainslie's on the New York season, has the following to say about a well-known former Salt Lake boy:

"The next production was a much more cheerful affair. It came at the Madison Square a week later, when Mr. Edwin Milton Royle produced his farce "My Wife's Husbands," with himself and his wife, Selina Fetter, in the principal roles. The success of this jolly little play was instantaneous and complete. In Mr. and Mrs. Royle it brought to Broadway two admirable comedians who for years have been lost in vaudeville, and now "they'll never go there any more." The play itself has rather a curious history. It was written originally by Mr. Royle for Miss May Irwin, who at that time was threatening to retire from the stage unless some ambitious playwright rushed into the breach and wrote a play that was worthy of her. After reading "My Wife's Husbands," Miss Irwin decided that it was a very good play indeed, but Mr. Royle's demands for royalties appalled her. She offered him $250 a week for the use of the play and his own services as leading man, but it happened that Mr. Royle had been acting in vaudeville, where, for a thirty-minute sketch, he could earn double that amount each week. Miss Irwin relinquished the play, and Mr. Royle carried it post-haste to Mr. William Collier, who at that time was contemplating a starring tour under the management of Weber and Fields.

"Mr. Collier, usually an astute young man, could not see this play with a telescope; he preferred, and chose, a piece called "Personal," which, after a short and somewhat tempestuous career at the Bijou, has now gone to an unhallowed grave. The Royles continued to play "My Wife's Husbands" at the Madison Square until Grace George, in "Pretty Peggy," came in to resume her last season's successful run."

PRESS AGENTS' PROMISE.

Charles H. Hoyt wrote many clever plays that were big hits, but it was his "A Trip to Chinatown" that brought him fame and fortune. This satirical comedy had a long run at the Madison Square theatre, where it drew thousands of lovers of musical comedy nightly. The wit was so sparkling, and the humor so unctuous, that it kept the audience in a continual uproar. Such ludicrous situations as were evolved during the action of the play had never before been brought before the public. The management have spared no expense in staging the production, and the costumes are beautiful. Jack Campbell, who is featured in the play, has made for himself an enviable reputation, not only in New York City, but all over the country. This clever comedian is assisted by such well known people as John J. Black, Frank Beamish, F. Kek Schilling, Dan MacCarthy, Hugh McCormick, Miss Sylvia Starr, Miss Maude Parker and Miss Carolyn Walker. "A Trip to Chinatown" will be presented at the Salt Lake theatre tomorrow night.

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Andrew Robson and his delightful company of players will again visit Salt Lake, Friday and Saturday next, presenting Winston Churchill's story, "Richard Carvel," at the Salt Lake theatre. The temperamental qualities of Mr. Robson, coupled with a handsome personality, make him an ideal Carvel and serve to invest the character with a fidelity and sincerity most convincing.

His worthy interpretation of the character on a previous visit is generously remembered by our public, and his second visit with the play will no doubt meet with the same cordial reception accorded him previously.

We have it from good authority that this is positively the last season in the character of the Churchill hero, and that next season we shall see him in another role of equal romantic value. As usual, Mr. Robson is credited with carrying an excellent company and a scenic investiture not alone adequate in representing the pictorial viewpoint of the play, but also of that sumptuous quality which obtains recognition.

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One of the best attractions of the entire season will be presented at the Grand theatre for an engagement of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, matinee Wednesday at 3 p. m., when Miss Rose Melville, by all odds the most gifted of all American character actresses will be seen in her original character of Sis Hopkins, in the pretty pastoral play of the same name. This is the fifth season that Miss Melville has been playing this part, and each year it grows in popularity until now it begins to look as if it might become one of the few ever welcome plays which live on year after year while the wrecks of less true plays strew the shores of the theatrical sea. The part of Sis Hopkins is one which appeals to the heart-interests of human nature. It tells the story of a girl who has been reared among the simplicities and honesties of the good people of Posey county, Indiana. She gets a glimpse of the evils of the outside world and leaves home an awkward, uncouth pathetic little figure. She returns, polished, educated but with the same loyal heart and sweet nature which had always characterized her.

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"Mickey Finn," which comes to the Grand theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday, matinee Saturday at 2:15 p. m., promises to be one of the brightest farce comedy offerings of the season. Rube Welch and Kittie Francis are the stars. In this city at least they require no introduction. During the last half dozen years these artists have been here often, and have gained the reputation of being thoroughly capable and conscientious entertainers. But in years gone by they had no such pretentious piece as this. "Mickey Finn" is founded on incidents taken from Ernest Jarrold's famous series of stories. It requires a complete set of scenery for each of the three acts, and most elaborate costuming. The stars have met these requirements in a most unstinting manner, and have surrounded themselves with a company of high-class people.

STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS.

Players are as much a part of the well-regulated human family in which accidents are bound to occur as any one else, and the frequent and oftentimes ludicrous slips in dialogue during the presentation of a play are proof of the fact.

It is told of an amateur in a western city, playing a part in a temperance drama, that he had the line: "And I promise never to drink another drop." But the young man, becoming a bit flustered, declared with confidence and distinctness: "And I promise never to drop another drink."

Blanche Weaver, an actress in the company supporting Mr. Sothern in "The Lady of Lyons," on one occasion, had the line which runs: "No divorce can separate a mother from her son." But what Miss Weaver said was, "No divorce can separate a Sothern from his mon." Mr. Sothern was himself on the stage in that scene. He saw the topsy-turvy sentence coming—something intuitive warned him of it—and he hastened to cover up the lines with his next speech. But he was not quite quick enough to conceal the blunder from the people in the foremost rows, and a laugh went up that interrupted the action of the play and caused wonder in the rear of the house, where the error had not been detected. Miss Weaver was so overcome with mortification that when the curtain went down she wept and would not be comforted.

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The wife of Wilton Lackaye is ever anxious that her husband should be satisfied with her purchases. Consequently, when she wished to buy a new winter hat just before leaving New York this fall, she hauled the protesting Wilton with her to the milliner's.

The milliner being engaged, an assistant showed Mrs. Lackaye some hats and quoted their prices. Then the milliner herself took the customer in charge, and a more minute inspection of her wares ensued, while Mr. Lackaye looked on as helplessly as any other man in the same circumstances.

Finally it came to a choice between two hats, and Mrs. Lackaye said:

"Let me see—what is the price of this one?"

"That is $35, madame," replied the milliner.

"Why, your assistant told me the price was $30," remarked Mrs. Lackaye, with some surprise.

"Well, some one was absent from rehearsal," explained Mr. Lackaye to his wife, in sotto voice.

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Irene Cromwell is the feminine feather-weight in the "Babes of Toyland" company, and doubles in those interesting characters, Little Miss Muffet and the smallest of the French dolls. But Miss Cromwell is ambitious out of all proportion to her weight, which is eighty-nine pounds net, and her height, which is four feet eleven inches.

Recently she confessed to Librettist McDonough that she wished to do something worth while; she wanted to play a strong scene and have a chance to display her talent. McDonough wore a studied expression for a moment. Then he replied:

"Eureka! I have an idea that will fit you."

"What is it?" inquired the pleasant little girl.

"I will arrange a fierce quarrel between you and a canary bird," replied McDonough.

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In the final act of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," at the Criterion theatre, there is promise for a few brief minutes that a good, old-fashioned sword fight will serve to enliven things for those who like that particular sort of thing on the stage, says the New York Times. Indeed, Miss Elizabeth herself does her very best to encourage the rival lovers of the play to "get together" after the accustomed manner of the heroes and villains of romantic plays. But for once the fight fails to come off as scheduled.

The sword duel on the stage has always had much interest for audiences. Shakespeare seems to have found it so in his time, for his plays abound with hot stage fights. Even in "Hamlet" there is the contest with rapiers in the last act—an incident that arouses the audience from the spell of the most lethargic prince. This duel is quite a test of the actor's capability, for, although he may read well and show a subtle understanding of the philosophy of his author, yet if he cannot come out to advantage in the contest with Laertes he betrays that he has not been properly trained in his profession. Here is one place in which Edwin Forrest is said to have manifested the thoroughness of his education. He was not an ideal Hamlet, especially in appearance, but he had mastered the art of fencing, and even when he was well advanced in life and a little gouty he handled the foils in this scene beautifully.

Charles Fechter fought in the French manner with a sort of theatricalism—just as young Alexander Salvini handled the foils in the scene years afterward.

One of the most graceful and spirited of the fencers was Edwin Booth—cool, resolute and elegant. One can see him now as he came on with Horatio, stripped of all superfluous clothing, slender and trim, in deep black, handsome and picturesque. He fought his bouts slowly, gaining in intensity with the onset, and making the climax work of the hottest sort. Mr. Booth was a good fencer, and had practiced the art from boyhood, although he was not comparable with Mr. Bellew, who is a master.

There are splendid fights in Shakespeare's "Richard III" and "Macbeth," and one of the delights of playgoers in olden times was to see these combats, especially in the days of Edmund Kean and George Frederick Cook. Junius Brutus Booth modeled his fight upon Kean's, and Edwin Booth naturally followed his father. E. L. Davenport fought much in the same way, but at the conclusion, having lost his sword, breathless and bleeding, he staggered toward Richmond with his fists.

The elder Booth, one night at the Holiday street theatre in Baltimore, in the fight with Richmond, (the part of the latter played by E. L. Tilton), being not quite himself, would not give up. They fought for nearly fifteen minutes, the audience howling, and finally Tilton struck him across the nose, breaking the bridge. His voice was never the same afterward, having always a nasal inflection.

E. L. Davenport was a good fighter with cutlasses in nautical dramas—two up and one down, as the formula was. He had learned the art from the celebrated Cooke in London.

All of the older actors knew something of the use of the sword; such knowledge was indispensable. There are some good combats in the modern plays used by Sothern and Hackett, and there was a strong one in "If I Were King," where Villon and his enemy engaged by the light of lanterns.

In the broadsword encounters in the old melodramas the sword had a large hilt of curved bars, which served as a means of protecting the person who held it from severe blows, and the fighting was done to the low music of the orchestra, which was heightened or diminished according to the variations of the combat.

Dutton Cook, who was familiar with these contests at the Surrey in London, describes how the fighters raged hither and thither about the stage, each performer being allowed a fair share of the feats accomplished. The swords clashed and showers of sparks fell, to the stern staccato music of the band, while thunders of applause came from the audience. This sort of stage combat has been so much burlesqued that it is no longer in use. It was ridiculed long ago, however, for Johnson in "The Rehearsal," says: "But, Mr. Bayes, might we not have a little fighting, for I love those plays where they cut and slash one another on the stage for a whole hour together."

The intensity of the pistol duel is more in the preparation than the actual encounter—the arrival of the principals and seconds, the measuring off of the ground, and the assignment of the adversaries. In one or two plays—such, for example, as "Frou-Frou"—just as the duelists fire the heroine rushes on and receives the bullet.

There is sometimes a humorous treatment of the situation, as in "The Rivals," where Bob Acres has the engagement to meet Captain Absolute. How Mr. Jefferson elaborates this scene, and how much mirth he extracts from it, playgoers know.

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Thomas Jefferson, the son of Joseph Jefferson, has a good appreciation of humor, and he likes to tell a story concerning a Presbyterian minister who, after preaching for ten minutes, stopped suddenly and exclaimed:

"Brethren, I have a dog at home that must be peculiarly fond of paper. He has eaten that part of my sermon that I have not delivered, and I'll have to stop here."

After the meeting a woman met the clergyman at the door and, after shaking him by the hand, asked:

"Doctor, I want to know if that dog of yours has any puppies. If so, I want to get one and give it to my minister."

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"A 'cub' reporter was sent to interview Melba a few days ago. He had his questions written out carefully. When the queen of grand opera shook the spray of the Campania from her shapely feet and faced the lad he was almost speechless. Finally he managed to mumble out:

"I hear you've taken up ragtime like the other monarchs of Europe!"

"Ragtime! Me! Horrible! Why, ragtime is only comic opera on the half shell."

And the "cub" is wondering how such a haughty creature can sing the gentle and repentant Marguerite.

One Definition.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Papa, what is alimony?"

"My boy, it is the price set on a man's liberty."

NEW YORK THEATRICALS

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—A play that makes a new big show is "Mother Goose," with a basis of nursery tale and whimsical illustration in the latest Drury Lane spectacle. But the distance between Drury Lane and Broadway, as measured by the importation of holiday spectacles, has grown longer and longer year by year, and the present exhibition, as viewed here, is very far away from what was seen over there. John J. McNally, who used to be a newspaper reviewer in Boston, and wrote in high admiration of sedate theatrical endeavor, has taken two jobs in making stage fun that occupy his pen the whole year through. They are the origination of an extravaganza for the Rogers brothers and the writing over an old Drury output. Cook McNally's kneading of the London dough in "Mother Goose," his putting in of American yeast to make it rise lightly from its English sogginess, and his spreading of the native jam to tickle our palate and agree with our taste. That is the best and the worst that can be said. So many of our people like to leave their real troubles at home when they go to the theatre, and dislike to be bothered by the mimic troubles of others when they get there, that plays of frolic and nonsense are bound to be more salable in the amusement market than sober dramas. They cost much more to put on the stage and to keep going, but there is less risk of losing the money invested and more probability of profit. In the one case, a single author, or perhaps two, must be depended on, and the craftiest of them is as likely to miss with their aim as to hit. But the present method of making extravaganza permits the employment of many experts. Two men devised and wrote "Mother Goose" as it was presented in London, and two more composed the music. The contributors of material for the American version, besides McNally, number eleven rhymesters and tunemakers.

The songs are competitive in a way. Rival authors and contentious publishers are interested diversely. Partisans of these different interests betrayed themselves in the applause on the opening night. But it was too soon to award any prizes for superiority. The test of commercial value is not applied till the whistlers and the hummers, the home pianists and the restaurant orchestras make their experiments with the tunes. The words count for something, of course, but the tunes for far more; and some of these, I think, will go through the ordeal and at length get to the hand organs.

Several of the songs are acted elaborately and embellished profusely. One has a new soubrette of the delicately demonstrative type, Lelia McIntyre, to declare in its refrain that she is "the rose of the Riviera," and a lot of women and little girls, in the skirts and flirts and the coats of dandies, to support her assertion in chorus. An equally handsome and more unusual illustration is given to a ballad in which a white scout asks a bevy of Indian girls to marry him. The candidate for bigamy is Harry Bulger, very ugly and unsuitable (the cast has no comely tenor, the wooers being played, with this incidental exception, by copranos and contraltos), but the squaws are idealized savages, who don't slouch or sneak like the real things when they dance, and are brought out picturesquely from a wigwam. It is in a comic ditty, of the kind that has verses enough to satisfy all possible encore demands, that Bulger is quite himself, standing sidereason finds herself under social taboo when she returns to her home village. The nature of her offense is not disclosed, further than a vague hint that it may have been a morganatic marriage with a continental duke. It may have been a careless fault, a flagrant sin, or nothing at all blameworthy, wise to the audience, as ever, and rattling off rhymed anecdotes to prove that it is well to "always leave them laughing when you say good-bye." He is alone in that. But as a Mr. Jay who tells of his prettily rustic daughter being aggressively admired in Broadway, he is backed by a row of chorus girls, who wear straw hats and jean overalls, and fasten b'gosh whiskers under their smooth chins.

In London these annual plays are still called Christmas pantomimes, though the harlequinade has been reduced to about fifteen minutes immediately after the rising of the curtain, so that people who no longer care for the adventures of Clown and Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine, may miss them by arriving late. For many years these pieces were deemed worthless for importation to America, as our liking for pantomime died long ago with George L. Fox, a wonderful artist in that line, and we require an abundance of our own native humor to make us take to a stage spectacle. The scheme of bringing over the costly quantity of scenery and costumes—which are obtainable on reasonable terms after they have served their purpose in England—and rewriting the play which they have embellished, has been found to work well. In "Mother Goose" the very good fairy and the very bad devil reappear to contest for and against the happiness of certain mortals—in the present case Mother Goose and her children, the Jack and Jill of another nursery tale—and into it is woven an illustration of the adage that it is foolish to drive away a goose that is laying golden eggs for you.

Birds and beasts have been active creatures in extravaganza of late, and this one is like a farmyard with its dancing horses, team of kicking donkeys, pack of foxhounds and a goose that lays gold eggs. Each animal has an operative man or boy inside, and the goose is made to tell in pantopime much that relates to the plot. She is sent by a good fairy to enrich a poor family with her auriferous output, though the phenomena is not exhibited. The object of most amused and spontaneous attention, however, is a mite of a girl, so naive with her 4-year-old talent among the forty-nine less precocious children who march and pose in the ballets, that she is the unconscious focus of all eyes—or was unconscious of it during the first performance, but I suppose she was told of her success immediately afterward, and that by this time her dear little head is swelling. The ballets crowd the stage and one of them gives a comic relief from the bounteous beauties. The three antic comedians of the company—Cawthorne, McCart and Bulger—travesty last season's aerial flights, substituting awkwardness for grace as they dangle and swing from wires, and getting into collisions which end in a mid-air fight.

A rule commonly obeyed by playwrights is that the audience shall never be deceived or mystified. Fool the characters on the stage, and hide the truth from them, but be open and frank always with the people across the footlights. Henry Arthur Jones disregards that teaching in his new comedy, "Whitewashing Julia," and does it so expertly that, perhaps, the discussion caused thereby more than makes good the damage done. Anyway, the English Jones is authoritative and what would be rejected from any American author is accepted from him. Julia has had an escapade, and for that Her neighbors surmise the worst, and her friends urge her to clear herself, if she can, by a full explanation of the scandal. A puff box is mentioned frequently as the principal token of her culpability, and it is said to have been found under circumstances that compromised her, but the mystery is never explained. About every quarter hour during the play Julia seems to be at the point of telling her story, and the audience is as eager as the mimic folk pretend to be to hear it, but each time, after opening her mouth to speak out, she decides to keep mum. At the very end, when a fond aristocrat has induced her to become his bride elect, and she hands him an envelope containing the facts, the curiosity which has been aroused seems sure to be satisfied. But no: the trustful lover throws them into the fire. So Julia is whitewashed, not vindicated, and the audience disperses in ignorance of what evil she has done, if any.

Fay Davis is "featured" by Charles Frohman in this comedy, and I suppose he means to make a star of her next. She now has the material with which to do far better than she could in the preceding "Lady Rose's Daughter," which failed and was withdrawn quickly. Julia saves the family of her lover from the shame which its two sons almost bring upon it. One of them is a priggish hypocrite, the other is a mawkish sentimentalist, and both get into the toils of the same blackmailing girl; but clever Julia exposes the siren and defeats her sinister purpose, thus gaining the favor of those who have flouted her. In that and other ways she endears herself to the audience, and wins forgiveness, partially, at least, for keeping the secret of her own escapade. The man who fondly wields the whitewash brush on her reputation, covering but not removing the smudge, is an uncle of the two indiscreet fellows—a Charles Surface to an assorted pair of Josephs. And John Drew's daughter, Louise, who had given no more than a graceful promise in the weak dramatization of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's strong novel, comes out finely now as a good-humored yet violent rebel against the tyranny of social convention in a straight-laced community. Louise Drew has none of the beauty of her cousin, Ethel Drew Barrymore, but her personal charm of refinement is quite equal, and I think she has much more of latent capability as a comedienne.

The scene that is particularly novel in "Whitewashing Julia" is in the refreshment tent at a church charity fair. Crackers and lemonade, cake and tea are on sale under the direction of a titled matron by some girls belonging to her social set. But they withdraw, one after another, when their former acquaintance, the now questionable Julia, comes in to spend money generously. She is left alone, to help herself to food and drink and leave whatever pay she pleases on the counter. She is soon joined by the disdainful dame's free-minded and open-hearted brother, who has been rather a black sheep himself, and therefore can look at the discolor on Julia's white fleece without aversion. He and she become chatty over a dish of strawberries, which has been set aside for the bishop's wife. They take up the berries by the stems, dip them in sugar and eat them—he voraciously and she daintily—and out in the theatre there is a rustle and murmur of curiosity. The choice morsels are out of the natural season, and those grown in hot houses are very costly. Does the management provide real ones and hang the expense? Well, no; those strawberries are imitations made of material that will melt in the mouth with the appearance of being genuine. The leisurely eaters assume the manner of persons actually relishing keenly the luscious berry which, as the saying goes, God might have bettered but never did. The dialogue runs along until another problem in ways and means arises to perplex the audience.

The literary Henry Arthur Jones doesn't scorn to be literal on occasion. The interior of the tent darkens with the approach of a sudden summer storm. Julia says she will hurry home, but rain begins to fall, and she remains under shelter with her companion, who is already fascinated and passing rapidly into ardor. The other characters dodge in, but, on seeing with whom he is hobnobbing, hurry away to more congenial cover. So the two are left to become mates. But it is the storm that is noteworthy. There has been incredulity as to the berries, but of course the rain can't be real. Yet it is heard to patter, and then spatter, on the outer surface of the tent, varying in force with the gusts of wind, and sounding exactly right. Moreover, the canvas is seen to be wet through, and when the man winces under what he says is a drop of water down the back of his neck, you instinctively look up expecting to discover the leak. Most of us know that stage wind is made by the friction of a silk wheel, but this rainfall has required a new device. It seems a pity to tell what it is, because the illusion is bound to be hurt by the knowledge that wet sand is being thrown on that tent.

Paula Edwards, who is made a star of in "Winsome Winnie," is a soubrette, nothing else, glad of it. An insight of her risky jollity was afforded on the opening night by the thoroughly advertised display of garters jewelled with turquoises, not only around her own stockings but also those of ten "show girls." Paula got the attention of Broadway first by characterizing cleverly with cockneyism, while in the late Augustin Daly's employ, a ballad about a London upstart, who 'ad h'aspirations for 'igh society. Thus the impression was given that she was English, but she is of New York birth and Philadelphia education. Her first stage boss was Edward Harrigan, who put her into the young girl part of "The Little Fraud" in "Squatter Sovereignty," wherein she fixed herself in the friskiness which now is utilized to good advantage. A suitable role has been fashioned for her in the new musical farce by no less than four experts—Faulton and Jakobowski, who wrote the words and music that it had when performed abroad, and Ranken and Kerker, who have Americanized it by culminating and adding jokes and tunes. Paula's part is that of an American soubrette, saucy and funny, who is stranded in Turkey and there takes the job of impersonating an heiress off the stage.